

The Musical World.

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ENDERSOHN (M.). "Sweet little Jenny"	2 0	Violoncello or violin to the above each	0 6
"My Mary"	2 0	"Near to thee," with violoncello obligato	4 0
FOSTER (ALICE). "Merrily, merrily shines the morn," The skylark's song, sung by Madame Rudersdorf	2 0	MONK (E. G.) "Go sit by the summer sea"	2 0
GREVILLE (The Hon. Mrs.). "Oh, I would wend with thee, love"	3 0	MOZART. "The very angels weep, dear"	3 0
"Ditto as a duet for barytone and soprano"	3 0	PECH (Dr. JAMES). "Weeds and flowers"	2 6
"Quand on me donnerait," duet for soprano and tenor	2 0	REICHARDT (A.) "Thou art so near and yet so far" (one of the most popular songs of the day)	3 0
"Ditto as a Solo, with Guitar accompaniment"	1 0	ST. LÉGER (S. J.) "The old willow tree"	2 0
English War Song, "Who fears to die?" The words by Alfred Tennyson	2 6	VIVIER (EUGENE). "The Goat herd" (Lechevrier)	2 6
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"Mary O'Shane," Ballad dedicated to Miss Rowland	3 6	"The Fisherman's Song" (Chanson du Pêcheur)	2 0
GROSVENOR (S.) "At early day's dawning," May song	2 6	"When o'er the meadows green" (with Horn accompaniment), sung by Madame Viardot	3 0
		Violoncello part to ditto	0 6
		YARNOLD (LOUISA). "The Troubadour's Lament"	2 6

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SWEET LITTLE JENNY.

(From "Songs," by John Ellison.)

I.

O, a sweet little darling tormentor is she!
 My heart knows no rest for a minute;
 Her smile is as bright as the rosebud to me,
 But a thorn's ever lurking within it.
 And yet, of all flowers in the beautiful bowers,
 I love her the dearest of any;
 And I never will try from the fetters to fly
 That bind me to sweet little Jenny?

II.

I will hope for the day when I proudly shall say
 Such a treasure is mine, and mine only;
 For I fancy the rose then no thorn will disclose,
 To make me all cheerless and lonely.
 O happy my lot, when they twine round my cot,
 The blossoms so sweet and so many;
 But the fairest of all I ever will call
 My own little charmer—my Jenny!

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. WALESBY, of Waterloo-place, writes: "Many erroneous accounts having appeared in the papers respecting the notes of the bells for the new Houses of Parliament, and the reading of the chimes, I have been led to sketch the following particulars: The four bells for indicating the quarters of each hour are to be of such notes that we may say they would be respectively the first, second, third, and sixth, of a peal of ten; or, in musical notation, G sharp (first bell), F sharp (second), E (third), B (sixth), the hour bell being the tenth, or E (third space in the bass), an octave below the third bell. So far so good, provided that each proves satisfactory as regards quality of tone, relative pitch, &c. I subjoin the 'solos' which are likely to be played upon the bells during every hour:

INDICATED BY BELLS.

First Quarter	1, 2, 3, 6.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3.
Third Quarter	1, 3, 2, 6—6, 2, 1, 3—1, 2, 3, 6.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour	{ 3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3—1, 3, 2, 6 —6, 2, 1, 3—10.

"Now, with the utmost deference to the gentlemen entrusted with these matters, I think the above may be called a very tedious and inappropriate arrangement for such very heavy bells, the respective sounds of which will be so grave as to render it necessary to strike each bell in considerably slower succession than is usual with any other chimes in this kingdom. The following brief and simple composition, if performed upon the bells in very slow time, would, in my opinion, proclaim the quarters in a more intelligible and melodious manner:

INDICATED BY BELLS.

First Quarter	1, 3.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	1, 2, 3.
Third Quarter	3, 2, 1, 3.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour	1, 2, 3, 6—10.

"In order that all persons who hear the chimes may clearly understand which quarter is indicated without becoming impatient of listening, I have, it will be perceived, inserted only two notes for the first quarter, three for the second, and four for the third, concluding in each instance with the third bell (E, the key note), thus affording repose to the musical ear. There are also four notes for the fourth quarter, which, however, is distinguished from any other by the introduction of the sixth bell (B, the dominant note) which calls for and is followed by the tenth, or hour bell (E, the fundamental note), with grand effect."

* Set to music by M. Enderssohn.

The following are the 'solos' as figured above:

Bells 1 2 3 6

1st Quarter.

2nd Quarter.

3rd Quarter.

4th Quarter.

The following is Mr. Walesby's composition:

Bells 1 3

1st Quarter.

2nd Quarter.

3rd Quarter.

4th Quarter.

TOM HOOD'S REASONS FOR NOT PUBLISHING HIS LIFE.—"My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those 'bald biographies' that content the old-gentlemanly pages of Sylvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has forestalled the greater part of it, in his striking poem on the 'Common Lot'; but in prose, nobody could ever make anything of it, except Mr. George Robins. My birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and to court the cock and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty, that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though on the one hand I have not taken my degree with Blucher; yet, on the other, I have not been rusticated at the Open Air School, like the poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been even third in a duel, or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little romance about it, that its head has never troubled us with a tale. My own story then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the parish clerk, who was only notable, after all, amongst his neighbours as a swallower of loaches. To conclude, my life—'upon my life'—is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory, and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning, and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it."

KAISERL. KONIGL. POLIZEI-DIREKTION.*
DIRECTION DE LA POLICE I. R.

Meldzettel.		Billet d'annonce.
Stadtviertel	Haus Nro. Zimmer-Nro.	Hauschild
Vor-und Zuname Le nom et surnom		
Karakter oder Beschäftigung Caractère ou occupation		
Geburtsort und Vaterland Lieu de naissance et la patrie		
Wo anfässig Domicil		
Religion Religion		
Alt Agé de		
Kömmt von Vient de		
Gedenkt sich aufzuhalten und wie lange Durée du séjour		
Allein oder mit wessen Begleitung Seul ou avec		
Prag, den	Name und Karakter des Unterstandgebers.	
<p>Jeder Fremde ohne Unterschied ist verpflichtet <i>sogleich nach seiner Ankunft</i> in Prag die in diesem Meldzettel vorgeschriebenen Kubriken deutlich und vollkommen auszufüllen.</p> <p>Die Angabe eines falschen Namens oder Karakters oder eines andern unwarhen Umstandes unterliegt der gesetzlichen Bestrafung.</p> <p>Jeder Fremde, der in Prag verweilen will, hat sich spätestens am nächsten Tage nach seiner Ankunft im Paszante der k. k. Polizei-Direktion wegen Erhalt einer Aufenthaltskarte unter sonstiger Ahndung zu melden.</p> <p>Jeder Gast-oder Unterstandgeber ist unter den gesetzlichen Strafen verpflichtet, die Meldzettel über die bei ihm eingekehrten Fremden täglich längstens bis 10 Uhr Vormittags an die k. k. Polizei-Direktion einzusenden.</p> <p>Von der k. k. Polizei-Direktion in Prag.</p>		
<p>Chaque étranger, sans distinction de qualité, est obligé de donner immédiatement après son arrivée à Prague tous les renseignements indiqués sur le présent billet d'annonce.</p> <p>Toute déclaration non véridique, soit à l'égard du nom, du caractère ou d'une autre circonstance, subit la rigueur de la loi.</p> <p>L'étranger intentionné de passer quelque temps à Prague doit, sous sa propre responsabilité, demander au plus tard le jour suivant son arrivée à la Direction de Police le permis de séjour.</p> <p>Le billet d'annonce sera présenté à la Direction de Police jusqu'à 10 heures de matin.</p> <p>De la Direction de Police i. r. à Prague.</p>		

KEIGHLEY.—On Wednesday, the 13th inst., Mr. W. S. Sunderland gave a concert at the Mechanics' Institute. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Thomas; violin, Herr Molique. A new song, "Merrily shines the morn," sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, was, with other pieces, encored. Herr Molique was enthusiastically received and his solo redemanded. Signor Randegger presided at the pianoforte.

* Worth consideration before setting out for Prague.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., ON MUSIC.

(From our own Reporter.)

LIVERPOOL, Saturday Night, Oct. 16th.

It has long been the custom with the Northern Mechanics' Institution, which has its home in Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool, to give cheap concerts on the Saturday night for the recreation of the working classes, of whom its members almost wholly consist. At one of these entertainments this evening the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., presided. It was calculated that nearly three thousand persons were present, and though the vast majority were working men, a fair sprinkling of working women was visible throughout the assemblage. The platform was graced by the presence of a number of ladies. Having, during an interval between the first and second parts of the concert, been thanked, on the motion of Mr. Caine, for the honour he had done the institution by presiding.

Mr. Gladstone spoke at some length. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"What shall I say on the subject of this entertainment? Do not be afraid if I go back to the beginning of the world, for I promise you I will not stay there. (Laughter.) But if I mention the words, it is only to say that those who consider music to be a powerless thing, who think it ranks among the trifles of existence, are in gross error; because, from the beginning of the world—and that is the only time you will hear the phrase from me—from the beginning of the world down to the present day it has been one of the most powerful instruments both for training, arousing, and governing the mind and the spirit of man. The foundations of it lie deep in your nature; they have been placed there by the Author of that nature, and it is in a remarkable sense doing this work to cultivate the gifts with which he has endowed us. (Applause.) There was a time when letters and civilisation had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown; on the contrary, it was so far from being a mere source of entertainment, of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that music so much so that there was not a poet who was not a musician—there was not a verse spoken in the early ages of the world except where music was adopted as its vehicle, showing thereby the serious consciousness that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart of man. (Applause.) Listening to the notes we have heard to-night, observing their character, I ask whether it is possible to imagine instruments better designed for maintaining in us the love of country and the recollection of the glorious traditions of Old England, than the songs which you have received with such rapturous applause? And the duties of the citizen, the attachment to the land in which we live, the desire to serve it by the improvement of its laws, and by the performance of our personal duties, are rendered stronger by the influences that you receive during the moments now current, from the notes struck on the pianoforte, and from the voices you have heard. (Applause.) There have been cases, ay, and many cases too, when music has been exalted to uses more blessed still. No doubt it is true that, like every other human gift, it may be polluted and perverted; but it is to the honour of this great science that, of all the music now existing in the world—of all the music which the genius of ages has accumulated, no small part, and perhaps the very finest and most commanding, is the music which has been dedicated strictly to the purposes of the offering of the solemn worship of Christians to the Author of their being and of their redemption. (Applause.) And, so long as 1,400 years ago, one of the greatest and most eminent Christian men—the great St. Augustine—left upon record, as one auxiliary instrument of his conversion from heathenism to become a pillar of the Gospel, the influence which the sweet strains of the Christian Church exercised over his yet untutored soul. (Applause.) Now, I have said that such a gathering as this tends to patriotic purposes; and although I admit that as a nation we have, like other nations, our weaknesses and our faults, and enough of them, yet, I say that the sight now before me, is a sight which, while it gladdens the heart, must also, or should do, make anyone thankful to bear the name of Englishman; for we see in this assemblage a living, practical protest against all vices and all degrading pursuits. (Cheers.) The force of temptation is great, and far be it from me to pronounce censures on the infirmities of my fellow-men. But, without pronouncing censure upon any one, I may be allowed to feel satisfaction, I may be allowed to utter the voice of thankfulness if I find that this vast assemblage, composed, as is evident, from the classes from which it purposes to be composed,

namely, from those great classes, the staple and the strength of a free country—the working men of England—that on a Saturday night, after the toil of six days, and with the prospect of its renewal on Monday, the hours which are allowed to be devoted to temporary recreation, are not spent in search of violent excitements, but are spent in paying money to hear a concert, and partake of amusement of a character which administers no excitement other than the gentlest and the purest, and the whole results of which ought to tend to unmixed benefit and advantage. Thirty years ago it was the fixed belief of English society that Englishmen in general were not fond of music. Now, I do not speak of Lancashire and Yorkshire, because, as long as they have been Lancashire and Yorkshire, everybody has known that these counties and some others were devotedly fond of music. But I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was that Englishmen in general were devoid of any gift by which they could themselves execute music, or by which they could appreciate it; and that the appreciation and the gift of music were reserved as the exclusive inheritance of the few. But within that period we have had many changes,—I trust, many improvements,—and there has been no greater reform wrought in the country—I will venture to say, at any rate, none more singularly successful—than the musical reform. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Thirty years ago, music was taught in none of the common schools of the country, or if in any, in so few that the exceptions only made the rule more conspicuous, and there prevailed the erroneous belief—as we may now call it, the stupid belief—(hear)—that although the Germans and Italians were fond of music, Englishmen in general were incapable of enjoying it. That fallacy has been scattered to the winds. (Hear.) Great as is this demonstration, admirable as this institution is in its present condition, I frankly own I hope we shall see, as time goes on, as those who have been taught music in their early days grow up, we shall see domestic music—(hear)—we shall see music find its way into the homes of the labouring classes of this country. (Applause.) It is my duty as one of those who have for many years been called upon to represent the people in Parliament, sincerely and conscientiously, but often very feebly, to labour for their welfare. Here I feel that we are upon true ground; but entertained as I am, and delighted as I am with that which we have heard, I much more rejoice in what I see than in what I hear, and the experience of to-night will send me home with more cheerful and sanguine convictions than I had entertained before entering this hall, with respect to the disposition and habits of my fellow-townsmen, the people of Liverpool."

The right hon. gentleman sat down amidst deafening applause.

CHARLES MACKAY.

(From the *Brighton Guardian*.)

THERE is truly no reason why we should not suppose poets to be included in the cyclical order of the universe. And so it seems to be. For a long age—from Moses and Miriam, Asaph, David, and Solomon—the poets were *persons*; they not only wrote, but also, in fact, sang. So Sappho sang, and by the "sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse," enchanted her nation. Apollo himself with godlike presence inspired the muses. Old Hesiod, Pindar, and mighty Homer, like Moses and David, "showed themselves unto the people," whilst the bards, scalds, and troubadours of early Europe were as much a visible institution as the *Times* newspaper is to ourselves. But all this suffered change, and for a period again as long the poet has been but a book. The alternation was gradual, and the old desire to see the bard sometimes grew rampant, as when Petrarch was summoned before the people to be invested with the laurel crown. So in the middle ages the Court poet was a miserable relic. During many generations, even for centuries, the poet has been, like the Arabian genius Hatif, "heard, but never seen." Latterly, indeed, with some aristocratic exceptions, not only was the person of the poet unknown, but his very residence was ignored. If some uncommon incident brought him for a moment into public view, he disappeared no one cared whither. "Grub-street" and "a garret" were the undefined localities of the modern Parnassus. But again there have been indications of a change. Almost within memory of the present generation, Germany could no longer resist the impulse to see their poet, and Schiller was called to "show himself to the people." As he passes through an avenue of his uncovered countrymen, they shout, "Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!" and holding up their children, say, "That is he!" A like interest in the persons of their poets has of late years been strongly felt by the English. Byron, knowing his personality to be intensely cared for, with false bashfulness hid himself. Walter Scott was much seen, and (as also Macaulay, Lockhart, and Aytoun) ministered to a revived taste for bardic strains

as from the *visible* poets of other ages. At the present day the cycle appears to approach towards completion. In banquetings, and in scientific or benevolent associations, on platforms and on "hustings," the bards and sages of our time are summoned to give personal testimony of their existence, and to receive orations. One by one we see them all, hear their oracular voices, and judge "what manner of men" they be. Thackeray and Dickens—both deserving to be counted with the poets—read, like the bards of old, their compositions to the multitude. And now we are to see at Brighton in his bodily shape Charles Mackay, the lyrist, to whom we owe many of the most popular, patriotic, and spirit-stirring songs of the generation to which we belong. We are to see him whose strain of cheering and graceful poetry has so often delighted us—him whose "fancy," as he says in his *Dionysia*,

— "travelled back three thousand years
To find the meaning of the ancient days,
And disencumber their simplicity
From the corruptions of a later time"—

who sang "The Death of Pan," who told us of "The Invasion of the Norsemen," and carried us back to the heroic age by that fine ballad, "The Sea-king's Barial"—him from whom we have learned more deeply to reflect upon the claims of benevolence and justice, and whose one thought seems to be—to lessen the evil and increase the good. We understand too, that in lecturing at Brighton next week, Dr. Mackay presents himself for the first time, publicly, before his countrymen.

What the poet will do, how he will sing, we know not. Will he come with a lyre, a venerable countenance and gray streaming locks? Will he sing to us a new psalm? or will he by turns excite our patriotism with his "Battle of Inkermann," and then melt the soul into pious humility by his "Magdalen of St. Stephan"? Will he sing "Old Tubal Cain was a man of might"? Will the poet tell us somewhat of other poets as well as of himself? Will he not only show us what he can do, but also how to do it? We shall see.

A WAIL FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

ONCE, lately, in poetic mood,
When night had gather'd darkly,
I sought an inspiration high
From foaming draughts of Barclay.
The room was snug, the fire was bright—
The doors and windows barr'd in;
There mote not be a happier sight
Than I near Covent Garden
The theme that tempted then my lay,
In Music's chosen dwelling,
Soon made me, to Amphion's lyre
A sonnet loudly swelling—
I sang how its enchanted string
By ancient story's showing,
Made lofty walls and stately tow'rs
And palaces be growing.
And there was one, in well-worn coat,
And boots of faded varnish,
In wide-mouth'd wonder listen'd he,
The whiles my lay I garnish.
Good soul, he reck'd not classic lore,
But said "It's very funny,
To think how artists *once* were paid
And made a mint o' money!
No doubt the man you mention now,
Might be a good musician—
Indeed he must have been, and I
For such good luck am wishing.
The fidler who a *house* can build
Is *now* a lucky fellow—
I know I scarce can pay my rent
With my old violoncello!"

October, 1858.

OLD BOWS.

HOLMFIRTH.—The choir committee of St. John's Church, Uppertong, have appointed Mr. James Sykes, of Scholes Moor, organist for the newly-erected organ in the above church.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 653.)

1. RICHARD WAGNER endeavours to characterise the heroes and more prominent situations of his operatic dramas by fixed and constantly recurring motives. This endeavour was previously to be found in the operas of C. M. von Weber, especially in his *Euryanthe*. The system is much more consistently and comprehensively carried out in *Lohengrin* than in *Tannhäuser*. There is no objection to the principle, but, in this instance, likewise, everything depends on the way in which it is executed. If the latter is delicate, intellectual and skilful, if the motives are perceptible, merely as bright flashes in the background, an indisputable advantage is gained for the opera, and the musical unity of this complicated art-form, nay, we should not hesitate long in declaring such a plan to be the sole correct and sufficient one. We must be allowed to remark, however, that the manner in which the principle is employed in *Lohengrin* is an exceedingly clumsy, and, so to speak, sententious one, inasmuch as, to each figure and situation, a placard is, as it were, stuck, which announces, "loud and clear," "Now I am coming, and here I am." Should anyone, however, think that the motives which characterise, or, rather, typify Lohengrin, Elsa, Friederich von Telramund, Ortrud, the King, and the holy *Gral*, are important of themselves, this is a mere matter of taste. We do not consider them so. They are certainly characteristic, but in the ordinary sense; that is to say, their character is such as abstract understanding in combination with a slight degree of education can always produce with little trouble. Their principal importance, too, does not consist in the invention, which, as we have already said, is not particularly great, but in the orchestral colouring. It is not the phrases with which Friedrich von Telramund, the King, and the Holy *Gral*, announce themselves, which play the principal part, but the double-basses, the trumpets, and the flutes. Is there any such very great art in this, or have we not rather an instance of the means by which a mind possessing but little fancy tries to effect its purpose? The manner in which Wagner employs the principle leads to insupportable monotony, and wearisomeness, nay, as far as the trumpets are concerned, to torturing discomfort. By the adoption of such a form, however, the demands made by an opera upon the composer as a musically creative being, are certainly very much modified. Instead of being always new, and displaying his mastery in the maintenance of the fundamental tone and similarity of character, the composer simply repeats what has gone before, with slight variations, and a completely material and increased gradation, etc.

2. Richard Wagner despises Melody and does not care much about her. The feeling appears reciprocal, and it is, perhaps, out of mere spite, that R. Wagner speaks so rudely of the gentle virgin in his books. Melody or no melody is a subject about which we will not quarrel, but what we require from every work of art, connected with stringed or wind instruments, is well-defined, palpable, nay, we would almost say, plastically perceptible forms, and thoughts which flash before us, as if they proceeded from a distant star! We are sorry to say that scarcely the slightest trace of such forms and thoughts was visible to our weak mind, during the four hours *Lohengrin* took in representation. In fact, we will speak our opinion honestly and boldly: this psalmatically-recited, musically-unmusical declamation wearied us indescribably, and yet shall we not be allowed to confess it? Such a protracted application of this principle was, certainly, never practised by any composer since Lully (and most undoubtedly not in any way by Gluck) before Wagner, and the mere putting such music to paper would have produced a very narcotic effect on Mozart for instance. Whenever R. Wagner steps out of the phrases which are at everyone's command, and only employed by him with more prudence than by many others, and endeavours, in some degree, to present us with more definite forms, we are immediately reminded of C. M. von Weber, nay, of Mendelssohn and Spohr. In this particular, *Tannhäuser* is more original and less poor than *Lohengrin*. The scene of Venus's grotto in the former opera is the only composition at all comprehensive, as well as decidedly

bold and successfully carried out, which Wagner has yet been able to produce.

3. Music is an art free as the birds of the air. It possesses no laws, not even of acoustics, which the artist has to respect. This principle is announced "loud and clear," in Wagner's scores, and his disciples follow him in this particular with wonderful sagacity. There are two laws of organic musical construction which have not the slightest existence for R. Wagner: the laws of the various keys, and of harmonic combinations. With regard to the first, somebody once observed to us, rather wittily and appropriately, in reference to *Tannhäuser*: "The four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." Now, let anyone, bearing this in mind, go through *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, and he will find it is a rare exception when R. Wagner remains for eight, nay, only four bars, in the same key. Thus, for instance, the Herald gurgles out his short recitative before the sacred court is held, in six or seven keys, and on account of the unnatural springs taken by the harmony this single piece might in future be given to every singer for the purpose of testing his powers; whoever could get through it would be available at all times, and for all the scores of the Music of the Future for which we may yet hope. The notions, however, which Wagner appears to possess of harmony and the succession of chords, etc., must, to judge by the results, be actually barbarous; at any rate, all our own auricular nerves revolt at them. If the reader will only turn to page 20 of the pianoforte edition, line 3, and realise, "loud and clear," the return from F to A major, or, at page 47, in the first four bars before the fight, the harmonical succession: G, B flat and A major, then G, E, and D major, and, at page 63, the last few bars—especially the fifth, and, lastly, if he will only reflect on the horrible transition from A to B flat major at page 62, he will, perhaps, pardon us, if despite the celebrated name with which our investigations are connected, we exclaim: "This is mere bungling, nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art!" and if anyone should cry out and tell us that we are stupid, because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply: "You cannot possess ears, if you are fond of revelling in such discord."

4. "When ideas fail, a word is introduced at the right time." Wagner employs everlastingly the same means. If there were no chromatics, no *tremulo* of the violins, and no trumpets and trombones, Wagner would be obliged to lay down his commander's staff, for we have named the principal forces with which he fights his battles. C major, C sharp major, D major, E flat major, E major, serve to portray passion, affright and excitement, and the reader will be able to open but few pages of the score without finding a climax of this description. In order to express a mysterious feeling, on the one hand, and, on the other, a horrible, demoniacal feeling, was not Apollo gracious enough to allow us to discover the *tremulo* of the violins and basses? What more do we want, since we possess this? The trumpets and trombones, however, are Wagner's pets, and whenever, by way of exception, he soars into the realms of melody, he is fondest of employing the above instruments, especially the latter, to support him. O, it is something magnificent to have a song of joy (that shall, for instance, celebrate a marriage feast) brayed forth by a collection of trumpets and trombones. Who would deny the result? Wagner understands effect, we mean clumsy, material, coarse effect, as well as anyone of his predecessors. He frequently approaches closely to Verdi, and is indebted for his best things to Meyerbeer and Berlioz, from whom he takes his treatment of the orchestra, although in some particulars he goes beyond them. Exactly like Meyerbeer, Wagner is fond of letting the greatest sounds, the "sweet" toying of the violins and the lisping of the flutes and oboes, sweep over the stage after the most overwhelming outbursts of braying noise. We first have unmeaning tumult, striving to appear like strength that would move the world, then unmeaning cooing, striving to represent the tenderest sensations; in one place, untruthfulness and unnaturalness, and, in another, the gradations Wagner employs "to carry away" the spectator with him, heaping up, in order to depict a forcible situation, the tonemasses from imperceptible beginnings, as it were, to colossal

proportions; all this is imitated pretty nearly, from the well-known chorus of the conspirators in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Wagner surpasses in all material details his model Meyerbeer, the connection with whom he thought he could not repudiate more effectually than by abusing him to his utmost, but Meyerbeer is far superior to him in intensity of specifically musical capability; compared to Wagner, he is an absolute *Cæsus*. It was lately remarked with great justice, that Wagner reverses the natural mode of constituting the orchestra. The wind instruments, especially the brass ones, occupy nearly always the first places, while the violins are generally employed in the highest passages. If people choose to call this kind of music new, the reputation of a great musical discoverer would belong to Richard Wagner, so far as he was really the first to discover all these things, but he found them, one and all, ready to his hand, and merely pushed them to the most extreme, most unlovely and most inharmonic lengths.

But enough of this. We hope we have satisfactorily explained the reason why we cannot enlist ourselves among the admirers of Wagner's muse. But, some one may probably object, if such is the state of the case, to what is the success attributable? Let the reader turn over the history of the immediate as well as of the more remote Past, and call to mind what triumphs, by no means transient, it chronicles. Success certainly amounts to proof, which exceeds the authority of any mere individual, however high-placed, but then it is only that success which can look back hundreds, nay, thousands of years, and not the success of ten, or twenty, which is as readily granted to the most preposterous as to the most worthy things. Besides, may not a great portion of the present success be really set down to the unusual nature of Wagner's operatic subjects, to the enormous scenic splendour they require, the colossal masses they set in motion, to the varied interest connected with Wagner personally, as poet, composer, author, agitator, and reformer, and to the excessively active exertions of a party, very devoted to him, and who, by incessant announcements, keep the world in excitement and suspense?—all things which lie far beyond the actual artistic productions. His success, like his works themselves, certainly does prove something for Wagner; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence, and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these, such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description and yet knock in vain for admittance at the gates within which eternal art resides.

While endeavouring to describe R. Wagner's muse generally, we have characterised the music of *Lohengrin*, and shall add only a few more observations. In a musical point of view, the third act is the most successful piece of composition. The scene between Lohengrin and Elsa, in the bridal chamber, contains much that is beautiful, and, now and then, is marked by agreeable touches of warm feeling. Wagner sometimes manages the choruses—and large masses generally—in a very skilful manner, and frequently imparts to them, even musically, a certain antique stamp. The first chorus, for instance in the first act, at Lohengrin's arrival, is admirably carried out, and surprisingly effective, while the effect of the concluding chorus depends on the ordinary common operatic means, and that of the nobles, preceding the bridal procession, endeavours to produce an impression by a coarse imitation of nature, and excels by a constrained and unnatural treatment of the voices. But Wagner uses us worst in the second act. We hope we shall never hear such a braying of trumpets and trombones again till the Day of Judgment, and we confess that, as often as the horrible trumpeters, who always announce the approach of the king, appeared on the stage, we began to tremble in all our limbs, like children, when they know there is going to be a volley of musketry, or a discharge of artillery.

The opera was received, on the whole, favourably. The audience welcomed the first and third acts with tolerable warmth, but were somewhat more indifferent about the second. A portion of the success may be fairly attributed to the perfectly exquisite manner in which the opera was produced. The first place belongs to Herr Ander and Madlle. Meyer, who sung and

played the parts of Lohengrin and Elsa with nearly ideal perfection. Had we not already long valued Herr Ander as a *thinking* artist, we should be obliged to do so now, after this admirable performance. Throughout the opera he recollected the part he had to represent, and never assumed a tone or indulged in a look or gesture, which did not befit the "holy knight." Madlle. Meyer has evidently thrown her whole soul into the part of Elsa, and we blame her the less as all the advantage falls to our share. She was rich in the most beautiful and most touching points. Herr Beck (Friedrich von Telramund) possesses in his wonderful voice such a natural gift, that he requires to exert himself but little to captivate us. Mad. Hermann Czillag (Ortrud), and Herr Schmid (King Heinrich), were, on the whole, deserving of praise, although we should not say the latter could be entranced by the ascetic demeanour his part imposes on him. Nor must we forget Herr Hrabanek, who acquitted himself with certainty of the exceedingly difficult part of the herald. Both the chorus and orchestra were admirable, and the wonderful precision which distinguished the opera as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Herr Esser, who, as *Capellmeister*, directed the performance, and Herr Eckert. Lastly, scene-painters, costumiers, stage-managers, etc., honestly contributed their share towards the success, and we think that the management need not fear producing *Tannhäuser* next year, for R. Wagner should be heard. To this he has a right.

C. D.

COME WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE SLEEPING.

(BALLAD FOR MUSIC.)

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MADAME WEISS.

One eve as on my couch I lay,
A voice like heavenly music's strain
I heard, and twice ere dawn of day
The same sweet music came again;
Methought some loved-one* whom I ween
In form and graceful majesty,
By far excelling all I'd seen,
Thus soft and sweetly sang to me—
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is o'er night's stillness creeping,
Come then, and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"How beautiful in pearls of dew
The gentle spring is smiling now,
Young leaves, and flowers of every hue,
Come laughing forth from earth and bough;
Each bird, each brook, each breeze now pours
Its soft sweet music through the air,
On wings of love each insect soars,
And seems to say—'I'm free from care.'
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is over the stillness creeping,
Come then and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"Hush,—hush, methinks they're slumbering now,
With curtains-green closed round each head,
Refresh'd by rills which sport below,
They'll wake, and sweeter fragrance shed,
And softly-sighing southern-breeze
Will breathe perfume o'er plant and tree,
Such treasures will thy fancy please
And all be dearly prized by thee.
"Now the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is over the stillness creeping,
Oh! come and meet me in the vale,
While the lovely flowers are sleeping."

Érato—the Muse of love-poetry

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be repeated Flotow's celebrated opera *MARTHA*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. J. Patey, Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (108th, 109th, and 110th times), Bufe's highly successful opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with, each evening, the new Ballet Divertissement *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*, Mdles. Zilia Michelet, Moriacchi, and Pasquale. Commence at half-past seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakspeare's historical tragedy of *KING JOHN*: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*. On Monday, 1st November, Shakspeare's tragedy of *MACBETH* will be revived.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 23, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE!* To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *A TWICE-TOLD TALE*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Second week of the original Adelphi drama of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST* and the celebrated actress Madame Celeste, with Mr. Paul Bedford and Mrs. Weiss, late Miss Harriet Gordon. Engagement of the inimitable Flexmore and Mdle. Auriol, who will appear every evening in an entirely new *BALLET COMIQUE*. On Monday and during the week, by permission of B. Webster, Esq., *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Cynthia, her original character, Madame Celeste; The Knecht, Mr. Paul Bedford; Lemuel, Mrs. R. Honner; Dess, Mrs. Weiss, late Miss H. Gordon. To be followed by a new ballet, entitled *MY FETCH*, in which Mr. Flexmore and Mdle. Auriol will appear. To conclude with *OUR FAMILY DENTIST*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARK.—There is a *Philharmonic Society* at Gildersome. The *Norwich Philharmonic Society* has existed now for nineteen years. There is a *Philharmonic Society* at Redditch.

A RESIDENT IN BATH.—The passage is as follows:—"Musical science has been cultivated very successfully here, by professors and amateurs. In addition to those specified by Mr. Monkland, we may mention the tune of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which was composed by the Rev. W. Levees, minister of Laura Chapel and rector of Wrington. Of the late Henry Field, one of his eulogists has said he 'was one of those energetic and gifted beings lent to the world only at the distance of ages.' In the histrionic art, Bath can mention the celebrated Mrs. Barry. Cooper (the well-known tragedian, and the leading professor of elocution in London for many years), and Daniel Terry, were both natives of Bath. The same may be said of Mallinson, whose powers of delighting are still remembered. His song, 'Pretty Polly Hopkins,' even now resounds in our ears in going through the streets."

J. M. (Glasgow).—Apply to Messrs. Boosey, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Our correspondent's suggestion has been anticipated.

READING.—We cannot decipher the signature of our correspondent. The paper which he mentions has not come to hand.

A. G.—We are unable to give our correspondent the information he desires.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23RD, 1858.

TO SHINE above our fellows is one of the great instincts of our nature. Every man likes to display his superiority—to show how much better and wiser he is than others. If Jack slaps Tom on the shoulder in the way of compliment, or blows him up for some lapse of sense or language, it is not so much to acknowledge merit in his friend, or to find fault with him, as to indicate how similarly he would have acted in the one case and what he would have avoided in the other. We are all born counsellors, and are all ready to proffer advice at every opportunity. Each man, in his own

opinion, is pre-eminent in some respect; if he cannot aim at accomplishment, he knows how to appreciate; if he cannot speculate he can practice. Self-judgment is never lowered, self-esteem is never annihilated, self-love is ever omnipotent, and the end is, that the majority of mankind are preachers, sermonisers, howlers in the wilderness.

When Mr. Gladstone at the "Working Men's Concerts" at Liverpool proclaimed in rhetorical flourishes the virtues of music and its ennobling influence, and apostrophised the rough artisans assembled, lauding them for their preference for the fine arts over potatoes and tobacco, did not the speech of the honourable and learned gentleman tacitly imply, that his auditors were a set of ignoramuses who required to have their feelings and sympathies explained to them, and that he, a great and gifted man, had come to tell them all they required? Mr. Gladstone is no musician, and knows nothing about music; why, therefore, should he go to Liverpool, and address a large audience on the subject? Why travel so far, and put himself to so much trouble and expense, to talk truisms and propound platitudes? Were not the mechanics of Lancashire aware before Mr. Gladstone informed them of the fact, that music was cheering and enlivening, and that a concert, after a hard day's work, was an agreeable relaxation? Why deliver a lecture to prove that of which the support of the humbler classes for many years had left no doubt?

Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, would have exhibited a sounder judgment and have elicited more unqualified eulogium had he adhered to his truisms and platitudes, instead of venturing upon opinion, and touching, however lightly, upon the unsafe ground of criticism. "They who consider music to be a powerless thing," he exclaims, "who think it ranks among the trifles of existence," etc. Who, we ask, consider music to be a powerless thing—who rank it among the trifles of existence? Not the mother when she lullabies her baby to sleep; not the ploughman when he guides his horses or steers as much by his whistle as his hand; not the soldier when he is fired in the battle by the blast of the trumpet or the beat of the drum; not the exile when he hears afar off the strains of his native home; not the poor maniac when his frenzy is soothed by plaintive airs; not the groves when awakened by the songs of birds; not the stars when listening to the melody of the spheres. The right honourable Member was in the position of one who did not know exactly what to say. Ignorant of the art on which he was about to discourse, but called specially to the task, and not liking to refuse, he was determined to make a hail-fellow-well-met affair of the whole transaction, and, heedless of conservative strictures or aristocratic condemnations, to fraternise for once with the coal and cotton population, to "go in" for music, as the saying is, to eulogise everything and glorify himself. How well he accomplished his desire everybody knows. The gathering was immense, the speech flowery, brilliant, and to the purpose—the purpose of the honourable member—the fraternization was complete, the glorification perfect. Mr. Gladstone spoke like Demosthenes; the crowd applauded like the Athenian plebs. Where most dust was thrown in their eyes, they shouted most; where the golden speaker flattered most, they clapped and pounded hardest. A Lancashire mob is not to be out-done in civility by a parliamentary orator. Moreover, the gratitude was greatest on the side of the audience. What they did not understand, politeness compelled them to accept as complimentary. The balance was consequently in their favour. The scene was in the highest degree exciting. It was also

instructive. Much was to be gained by speculating on the fact, that a gentleman entirely unacquainted with the art, was discoursing about music, and explaining to the people what the people knew and could better have explained to him.

When next the right honourable Member for the University of Oxford has the temerity to stand up in the pulpit of the musical professor, we strongly advise him—presupposing the new speech to be founded on the old—to omit the following statement, as not having the slightest foundation in truth:—

"I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was, that Englishmen, in general, not of one class of the nation, but of all classes, were devoid of any gift by which they could either themselves execute the music, or by which they could appreciate it, and that the appreciation and the gifts of music were the reserved and exclusive inheritance of the few."

We cannot exactly make out what the learned gentleman means by "the gift of music," but surely he is young enough to remember some of those who could "execute" music thirty years ago, of whom we need only mention the names of Braham, Sinclair, Kitty Stephens, Mrs. Wood, Mad. Vestris, Wilson, &c., to say nothing of a host of ballad singers, a class of vocalists too much neglected in the present day. No doubt music has made most rapid strides within thirty years, but the Past must not be belied to exalt the Present. In his ecstasies the famous rhetorician only considered how he might please and amuse, bequeathing the art of instructing to those who knew something about the matter. He was eminently successful.

THE other day we found, under our street-door, a paper eloquently describing the talents of a certain mender of broken-glass. The paper was ingeniously drawn up, so as to convey one meaning, when held at such a distance, that the large letters were alone legible, another, when the small letters were, by increased proximity, rendered legible also. Afar, the printed discourse alluded in brief and mysterious terms to surgery, capital punishment, and mad politicians; but on close inspection we found that the chirurgic art of which profession was made was confined to the healing of broken utensils; that the hanging which at first sight looked so formidable merely referred to chandeliers, and that the "mad politicians" were lugged in by head and shoulders as possible breakers of decanters, and therefore as possible customers of the advertising artist.

And after the perusal of this paper, we admired greatly with what a genius must Mr. Thingummy be blessed to heal patients whose wounds are apparently so difficult of cure, and then to describe his own proficiency in terms so eloquent and alluring! With these thoughts in our heads we went to the Olympic Theatre, that for a second time we might witness a performance of the *Red Vial*.

We saw and we marvelled. Our admiration for the metaphorical gentleman, who vaunted his skill as a repairer of glass and porcelain, vanished altogether. What was his talent compared to that of the man who could mend such a completely broken bottle as the *Red Vial*? On Monday week we saw that unlucky vessel consigned to "immortal smash." It shivered before our eyes, amid the denunciation of a heartless multitude, and the mere collection of the fragments, to say nothing of their rejunction, seemed utterly impossible. Instinctively sympathising with the falling party, and therefore preferring the Trojans to the Greeks, we wished that the *Red Vial* had been

a leathern bottle of that tough nature immortalised in the excellent song which Mr. W. Chappell is doubtless about to republish. But we might wish what we pleased—Dagon himself was not more completely smashed than the *Red Vial*.

But now—*mirabile dictu*—the *Red Vial* is again an entirety. The public demolished, Mr. W. S. Emden has repaired, and defies the world to see the faintest indication of a crack or a rivet. This is something like a talent. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. W. S. Emden could collect all those broken bottles that fortify suburban gardens against fruit-stealing urchins, and convert them into fitting recipients for port and sherry. For never was bottle so thoroughly demolished as the *Red Vial*, on Monday week; never did bottle show so little sign of a fracture as the *Red Vial* now.

Admirable repair! But we are not quite sure that the article was worth repairing.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—The revival of *King John* at the theatre in Oxford-street, has been the single novelty of the week. This is not the first time this play has been produced by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's. In 1852, if we mistake not, *King John* was brought out, Mr. Wigan performing the part of Falconbridge, and Miss Kate Terry, Prince Arthur. It had a long run, although, apart from the acting, it did not challenge any large admiration from the public. Upon the new revival, as may be imagined, a far greater amount of pains and care has been expended. The same opportunity, however, is not afforded in *King John* as in some other Shakspearean historic dramas for the exhibition of gorgeous scenery, magnificent processions, splendour of costume, and variety in the decorations. With great judgment discarding costliness where no costliness was needed, Mr. Charles Kean directed his attention to chronological correctness, and has accomplished what he aimed at. In no production at the Princess's Theatre has the appropriateness and fidelity of the dresses and the fittings been surpassed; but the general effect is not so striking as in *Henry the VIII.* and *Richard the II.* In the portraiture of the usurper, Mr. Charles Kean has betokened his usual skill and discrimination; but the part of King John is not congenial to his rapid impulses and varying emotions. In two scenes the actor is eminently fine—the scene with Hubert, and the death. Mrs. Charles Kean only requires a little more power to render her Constance irreproachable. Mr. Walter Lacy wants a dash of chivalry in his bearing, and more refinement in his manners, to become the *beau idéal* of the gallant Falconbridge; while the Hubert of Mr. Ryder is, in many respects, the most striking character in which we have seen that gentleman.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE JULLIEN ERA.—There is at least one man who can anticipate the tendencies of the age. While the other powers of Europe are engaged in preparing their bands for the fearful work of discord, one man has organised his band, unlike the armies which we noticed last week, literally and directly to promote the great work of concord. M. Jullien is in every sense a great man; he can do nothing except upon a large scale, and what he undertakes he does well. His popular concerts, which were so critical a problem before they were performed, became an obvious truth as soon as he had made the public practically acquainted with his idea. No man has done more to familiarise this metropolis and its least artistic classes with the heartfelt truths of music. Like all rhythmical geniuses, he is fond of finishing off with round numbers: M. Jullien finds that his next series of concerts will be his twentieth; it will be his "last,"—not, we trust, in this life, or in this country, but his last, "before his departure for his universal musical tour." He calls the series his *Concerts d'Adieu*, and he will be a whole month nightly taking leave of the United Kingdom in this its capital. We all know the soul and energy which he will throw into that reiterated farewell.—*Spectator*.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ADAMS, who for so many years held appointments at St. George's Church, Camberwell, and St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, died on the 18th ult., at his residence at Addington-place, after a short illness, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Adams was born in 1785, and received musical instruction at the hands of Dr. Busby. He was successively organist of Carlisle Chapel, Kennington, St. Paul's, Deptford, St. George's, and St. Dunstan's. The two latter situations he retained to the time of his decease, and, with powers of extempore facility, unimpaired by age. In his use of the organ, Mr. Adams seems to have regarded it chiefly as a means of displaying his own peculiar style of composition and powers of execution. His published compositions are not very numerous. The most important are, perhaps, "Six Organ Pieces," (Novello); original fugues; and fugues on subjects by great masters (see Novello's select organ pieces); miscellaneous pieces for the organ and pianoforte, including, amongst other things, a "Collection of Ninety Interludes," or short pieces, to be played between the verses of the metrical Psalms in public worship.—*South London Journal*.

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Professor Wiljalba Frikell, who is not inaptly called "the magician of the nineteenth century," was born at Scopia in Finland, in the year 1818. For three years he studied at the High School at Munich, and in 1840 made the grand tour of Germany and Hungary. He then visited the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Egypt, India, the Peninsula, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. Everywhere his extraordinary performances obtained for him the admiration and patronage of royalty. His original idea of performing his tricks without the aid of apparatus, opened a new field, and attracted the wonder of all who had been accustomed to the usual glitter surrounding a professed conjuror. He has been decorated and rewarded by most of the sovereigns of Europe and Asia. The King of Denmark bestowed on him the Danebrück Order for Civil Merit. From Mehemet Ali (Viceroy of Egypt) he received a gold medal and other presents. The Emperor of Russia presented him with two diamond rings, and the Empress appointed him her professor and *physicien* in ordinary. The "decorative school of conjuring" had been so long in the ascendant, that it was a hazardous experiment to overthrow the system, and come before the public in "plain clothes." Professor Frikell, however, was the "right man in the right place," and his undertaking has been crowned with success. Another peculiarity of Herr Frikell's performance is that he tells beforehand what the results of his operations will be, and thus exposes himself to the severest test, by putting his audience on the right track to find out the way in which he deceives them; but sharp as the eyes of the audience may be, Herr Frikell is always too quick for them. One great attraction of Herr Frikell is his quiet and gentlemanly manner; at the same time he is full of fun, and the observations he makes during the performance of his tricks frequently excite roars of laughter. Professor Frikell has given upwards of three hundred performances in London, and his *séances* have been attended by a large number of the aristocratic and noble families of England, and, to crown all, he had the honour to receive the royal command to give his "Two Hours of Illusions" at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal (now the Princess Frederick William of Prussia), and all the other members of the royal family. A little book, which may be obtained for sixpence, entitled *Frikell's Lessons in Magic*, should be purchased by all lovers of legerdemain.—*Pictorial Times*.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have succeeded in establishing their *Patchwork* in public favour, and night after night finds the elegant *salle* filled to overflowing. Among the new characters that hit the popular taste we may mention Miss Aurelia Gushington, a sentimental creature who adores moonlight and Byron. Her pretty song (by Herr Wallerstein) is given with the perfection of archness and *espieglerie*. Mr. Howard Paul's "Miss Pry," a whimsical compound of Mrs. Partington and "malaproped old-maidism," is highly amusing, and elicits roars of laughter. Where does Mr. Paul get the dresses he wears in this impersonation? They could not have been

made less than a century ago. Mrs. Howard Paul introduced an imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," the voice, manner, and appearance of the great English tenor being counterfeited to admiration.

RICHMOND.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed gave their well-known entertainment of Popular Illustrations in the large room of the Castle Hotel, on Thursday evening, before a most brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The celebrated artists were greatly applauded throughout their performance, and no doubt will be induced, by the success of this visit, soon to favour the Richmondtites with another.

GRAND BIRD SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Great preparations are being made to give fitting *éclat* to the forthcoming Show of Canaries and other choice British and foreign birds in November. The directors of the Crystal Palace are resolved, that the lovers of natural history, and the keepers of birds in cages, shall have an unexampled treat. This has induced them to throw open the show to unlimited competition, which will of necessity bring together not only an immense number and a vast variety of beautiful living specimens, but will gratify a taste for natural pursuits, which we rejoice to see is greatly on the increase. No exhibition on so grand a scale has ever before been attempted. The public will be pleased to hear, that the tropical department of the Crystal Palace has been set aside for the purpose. Here the birds, and other tame animals, will be brought under one view; and Mr. William Kidd, whose services have been secured for the occasion, will daily deliver an interesting and familiar lecture on the Philosophy of Bird-Keeping, Bird-Breeding, Bird-Taming, &c. The advantages of an exhibition like this cannot be too much dwelt upon. Fathers, mothers, teachers, students, children—all are alike interested in it. As for the exhibitors, they hardly need be told that the show being under the authority of the directors, the most perfect good faith will be kept with every individual. When we add that the management of the whole has been entrusted to Mr. William Houghton, the gentleman who has so ably conducted the various poultry shows at the Crystal Palace, nothing remains to be said in praise of this national exhibition of choice birds. The entries close on the 23rd of this month.—*The Cottage Gardener*.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Alexander Rowland gave a concert at the Victoria Rooms, on Thursday the 7th instant, assisted by the members of his glee class, and Messrs. H. Lazarus (clarinet), George Collins (violin), and William Watson (violin). The success of his last concert, three months ago, the selection of music offered in the programme, and the names of the professional gentlemen assisting, attracted a large and fashionable audience. The concert opened with Spohr's string quartet in G minor, by Messrs. Watson, Bauer (an amateur who acquitted himself with great credit), Rowland, and Collins. This fine quartet was played with great delicacy, and was highly applauded, particularly the slow movement, which is so impressive and poetical. The next instrumental performance was a *Romance* of Mr. H. Lazarus for clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment by its author. Mr. Lazarus has obtained a degree of perfection on the clarinet almost unequalled, and his performance was beyond criticism. He played a solo, introduction, and polonaise, in the second part, which entirely carried away the audience, who demanded an encore, in lieu of which he played a Swiss melody, with variations, introducing a well-known Scotch air, which equally delighted the listeners. Mr. Rowland's *Nocturne* for piano and violin, played (we believe for the second time in public) by Mr. Alexander Rowland and Mr. George Collins, afforded evident pleasure. Mr. William Watson played two solos on the violin. The "Airs Styriens," in the second piece, was much applauded. The *Souvenir de St. Pétersbourg*, solo for the violin, was played by Mr. George Collins. The pizzicato variation was wonderful, and a staccato passage all in harmonics sounded as from a violin only. This was encored, and the second time Mr. Collins played other variations. Mr. Alexander Rowland played the whole of the accompaniments on the piano with his usual power and ability. The gem of the concert was Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and violin, by Messrs. Rowland, Lazarus, and Collins, which opened the second part of the concert. Each instrumental performance was alternated by a glee, by Mr. Rowland's Glee Choir. We have to congratulate Mr. Rowland on the progress his class has made since the last concert.

TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday a *soirée* and conference of persons interested in the promotion of vocal music in schools, homes, and congregations was held in the theatre of the Aldersgate Institution, convened by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, and consisting of a numerous assembly of the teachers and friends of vocal education; the object of the conveners of the meeting being to obtain a full representation of all the different educational parties, and of the friends of various singing systems. Amongst those present (including a large number of ladies) were—Mr. E. W. Hickson, Mr. Crampton, Mr. J. T. Tilleard, Mr. G. W. Martin Messrs. Sugden and West, Westminster Training College; Mr. Murby, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. J. Entwistle, Royal Schools, St. Ann's Society; Mr. Reynolds, Home and Colonial School Society; Mr. Dunning, Mr. E. C. Daintree, Highbury College; Mr. Curtis, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. Langler, Westminster Training College; Mr. Drew, Homerton College; Mr. Runtz, of the Birkbeck Schools; Mr. Goodchild, Educational Institute, Stockwell; Mr. Marshall, Coborne, Endowed Schools, Bow; and the Rev. John Curwen, the principal promoter of the movement, which it is stated now numbers throughout England some 60,000 pupils under elementary training.

Mr. Hickson took the chair, and explained at some length the nature and progress of the methods and principles advocated by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, inviting at the same time statements from the advocates of other systems in relation to other methods. The chairman proceeded to narrate the origin and progress of the movement during the last two-and-twenty years, until at length Government had patronised a popular system of vocalisation and music as a branch of national education. No doubt diversities of opinion prevailed as to the best system to be adopted; but he would urge on Government, and on all generally, to be actuated by a spirit of catholicity in the matter, and so arrive at harmonious results (Cheers.)

Messrs. White (Spitalfields schools), Sarsons (Blue Coat schools) Frampton, Daintree (Highbury), Roberts, Drew, Millard, Graham, Young, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting at considerable length on the specialties connected with the Tonic Sol-fa, and Tetrachordal, and other systems of singing, and resolutions were passed to the effect that in the opinion of the conference vocal music, when truly adapted to the capacity and natural tastes of childhood, was admirably fitted to promote the healthy development of the organs of the voice and the attainment of a correct pronunciation, and that it supplied a means of brief recreation in the course of the school studies of the greatest importance for relieving the attention and elevating the feelings. That the principal and most important advantage of singing in schools must arise from its power of cultivating right emotion in connection with moral and religious subjects, the charms of good poetry combining with those of good music to fix just sentiments on the memory, and develop true sympathies; and, consequently, great care should be taken that the songs used in schools should be thoroughly adapted, on the one hand, to the simple, joyous character of childhood, and, on the other to the elevation of the moral feeling. That, whatever other musical attainments might be required from young teachers leaving our training schools, the principal requirement should always be the indispensable knowledge, without a book, of a small selection of school songs, the capacity of singing them correctly and expressively, and the power of teaching them by whatsoever method the teacher liked best. These primary qualifications the conference considered to be far more important than the most correct mastery of musical notation, of the science of harmony, or even the mere methods of teaching to sing could possibly be without them, it being, moreover, important that all students of normal institutions, who leave such institutions, should be able to sing at sight, and teach others to do so.

The resolutions were passed with much applause.

Mr. Martin, who conducted the great concert of school children recently given at the Crystal Palace, protested (amid applause) against any preference being given to the tonic sol-fa

system over any other. It was a mistake to suppose that the tonic sol-fa system was easier or simpler than any other. Its advocates aimed at teaching songs too much by ear (No, no), and after learning it its pupils must come eventually to adopt the ordinary musical notation. (Hear, hear, and No, no.) Having explained this in a long professional exposition,

Mr. Tilleard rose to propose, as a concluding resolution, that all methods that aimed at usefulness in schools should be scientifically truthful and progressive, introducing new topics in such a manner as to sustain a freshness of interest, and enabling the teacher to take one truth at a time, and to assist his pupils in discovering it. The lessons and exercises should be in themselves attractive and easy to teach, making small demands upon either the physical powers of the teacher or the invaluable time of the schools.

Several gentlemen here rose to contend that as this proposition comprehended the whole cardinal point of the important question which it was incumbent on the conference to decide on categorically, and the other canons of melody to be adopted having been approved of *nem. con.*, it was proposed, and approved of, that the meeting should be adjourned to that day fortnight for a special discussion on the disputations points involved in the resolution, and connected with the conclusions to be come to by all interested in the results of this vocal controversy.

During the evening a band of children sang a few school songs to the audience in illustration of the peculiar merits of the tonic sol-fa system.

MONMOUTH—(From a Correspondent).—Miss Waugh's annual concerts (morning and evening) took place on the 6th inst. at the Borough Court, which were attended by fashionable and full audiences. Miss Waugh on this occasion engaged the services of the Misses McAlpine, from London; also Miss Moss, as vocalists. Mr. G. F. Davis and Captain Carter and Miss Waugh were the instrumentalists. The Misses McAlpine sang several solos and duets, in all of which they were loudly applauded; several pieces were redemanded, but as the programme contained no less than twenty-three pieces, they modestly declined the honour paid them; but resistance was vain in the case of Balf's pretty duet, "Trust her not," which the audience unanimously insisted on being repeated. The duet from *Martha*, "Questo duol che si," was very charmingly sung, and redemanded, but was not repeated, the Misses McAlpine merely returning to the orchestra and bowing their acknowledgments for the compliment paid them. Miss Moss sang all her songs in a highly creditable manner, and was deservedly encoined in the quaint song of "Katey's Letter." She likewise sang "The Skylark," by Benedict. Miss Waugh in all her solos on the pianoforte proved herself perfect mistress of the instrument over which she presided, and although young is greatly improved since last year, and with perseverance will class among our cleverest pianists. Capt. Carter played two solos on the flute, and Mr. Davis two solos on the harp, and the concert seemed to give great satisfaction to all present.

NORTHAMPTON—(From a Correspondent).—The Choral Society gave a Grand Festival Concert on the 14th inst., which was attended by a large audience, including the nobility and gentry of the county. It was also honoured with the presence of the Earl of Westmorland and Lord Burghersh, the former being President of the Society. The noble peer is well known as a liberal patron of music, and on this occasion his Lordship generously provided a complete orchestra from London, to augment the local band, which is destitute of wind instruments, &c. The Society, therefore, have reason to be grateful for this proof of Lord Westmorland's zeal for its welfare, and the occasion excited great interest at Northampton. The concert consisted of the *Mass* composed by his lordship, and a selection from *Eli*. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Mrs. Winn, Miss Whyte, Miss Fosbrook, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn. The principal instrumental performers were M. Sainton (leader), Messrs. Packer, Isaacs, Amor, Folkes, Cureton (violins), R. Blagrove (viola), Aylward and Pettit (violinelli), Blakeston and Corley (bass), Bunting (flute), Horton (oboe), Bergmann (clarinet), C. Harper and Standen (corni), Wetzig and Chisholm (agotti), and T. Harper (trumpet), besides several others. Mr. McKorkell was the conductor, and his pupil, Mr. Woodward, presided at the fine German organ, built by Schulze, which, besides its prodigious tone, possesses the rare excellence of *mixing* well with an orchestra. The concert afforded great satisfaction, and reflected much credit on the society and its indefatigable conductor.

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening, the members and friends of the Institution enjoyed a musical treat of the most finished character, and one of the best of its class that has been given in Southampton for a very long time. The performers were Miss Julia Bleaden, Mr. Henry Nicholson and Mr. Alfred Nicholson, and the entertainment was entitled *Operatic Sketches*. Miss Bleaden, who possesses a graceful delivery, and a sweet voice, gave a sketch of the state of the Opera, both Italian and English, in this country at different times, in the course of which her illustrations, selected from the works of most of the great masters, were sung with much taste and feeling, and elicited loud applause from an audience so closely packed, that the room was crowded to the very entrance-doors. Her anecdotes of the Opera, too, were prettily related, and well selected for the illustration of her subject. The Messrs. Nicholson on the flute, oboe, and pianoforte, ably assisted Miss Bleaden, and gave the utmost satisfaction.—*Hampshire Independent*.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On Sunday, 10th October, Mr. James Battye, a man very highly respected by all classes of his fellow townsmen, especially those engaged in the musical profession, was taken from amongst us, after only a very short illness. For thirty years Mr. Battye has held the office of clerk of our parish church, the duties of which he has discharged with great credit and efficiency. Mr. Battye was well known to musicians throughout the whole of Yorkshire, having successfully competed for several musical distinctions. His anthems and glees gave evidence that their author was a man who understood and felt what he wrote, and in his character as conductor of the Choral Society's concerts he gained the esteem of all persons. His remains were interred in a vault at the parish church on Thursday morning, being followed by a large number of musical friends and private residents. On the death of Mr. Horn, organist of St. Paul's, Mr. Battye wrote a chant to be sung on the occasion, and on Thursday last the same chant was sung over his own mortal remains.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The workmen employed in the excavations near Nottingham, July 2nd, accidentally found what is supposed to be a curious musical instrument of the Saxon period, resembling petrified stone; two united tubes $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, the left having three apertures or conical shaped holes, the right two also, and one underneath, discovered in the caves of Snovensham, the Saxon word meaning the home of caverns.

MEYERBEER is at Paris. The representation of his new work at the Opéra-Comique, whether it will take place during the present or be deferred till the ensuing season, will depend on his return from Nice, whither he is gone to recruit his energies.

MILAN.—A letter dated the 9th, relates the following:—"Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of the sisters Ferni, the well-known violinists, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 fr. a-year. Ferni replied he would so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further; but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not long been there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit. Madlle. Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. 'Is that your fixed resolution?' asked the Sicilian. 'It is,' replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. The consternation of the Ferni family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above-mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved. This sad event has created a great sensation at Milan."

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN HAMBURGH OF BACH'S "PASSIONS-MUSIK" ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

At the commencement of last June, a number of musicians and amateurs assembled, at the invitation of Herr Ave-Lallement and Herr Graedener, to make arrangements for producing, during the sitting of Convocation in September, Johann Sebastian Bach's grand *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, to a Hamburg audience for the first time. Only persons acquainted with Hamburg can conceive how difficult a task it was to give a performance of Bach's great creation, especially at the period just named, on account of the number of families in the country, of the horse-races, boating clubs, the absence of the vocal associations, etc. Such were the usual obstacles in such a case. In that of Hamburg more especially, we have to take into account the small acquaintance of the inhabitants with Bach's works, and, consequently, the small amount of reverence entertained by them for his name; the dislike felt by many persons for the Convocation; the departure of the troops, taking with them some excellent instrumentalists to the camp at Nordstemmen; and, lastly, business, always business, the Exchange, always the Exchange! But still there was a starting-point for the undertaking; the Bach-Verein, founded, in 1855, by Herr von Roda. Incredible but true! This very association, which had set itself the task of rendering the public acquainted with Bach's music—this very association held aloof, from the outset, and refused to take any part in the proceedings! It based its refusal on reasons which it summed up, in an official notice issued by its own committee, in the two following sentences: "1. The work is too 'great'—according to the experience we have gained—to be studied and 'worthily' performed in the short space of three months; and, 2. The Hamburg Bach Society cannot, as a corporation, co-ordinate with any other association, in a performance of any of Bach's music." But all this, and a great deal more, did not deter him who had undertaken the trouble of getting up and directing the work. With every rehearsal there was an increase in the number, and (for how could it be otherwise?) in the enthusiasm of those who collected to execute the grand production. Madlle. Jenny Meyer, Herr Sabbath, of Berlin, and Herr Schneider, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, most readily promised their co-operation as solo singers, and when, on the 10th of September, the first of the four rehearsals with full band took place, lo and behold! the stage erected in the Catharinen-Kirche for more than 200 vocalists, and about 70 instrumentalists, was scarcely capable of accommodating those present. We may be allowed to add, in a few words: In the whole double chorus of singers and instrumentalists, there was not a single person who was not thoroughly penetrated with the lofty seriousness, and the elevated dignity of the four choruses, with the religious inspiration of the chorales, and with the fanatical fury of the Jewish choruses, and who did not strive, heart and soul, to reproduce the impression made on himself. In all the audience, which filled every nook and corner of the imposing church, there was not a single individual who did not listen with eager attention, for three full hours, to the tender or mighty strains; and who did not leave the church completely satisfied, and with the consciousness that something "great" had passed before his soul. What shall we say about solo singer? All three (who are so well-known that they do not require any lengthened eulogium) performed their difficult task with dignity, piety and inspiration, but we may boldly add that, without such an Evangelist as Herr Carl Schneider (formerly of Leipzig, but now engaged at Berlin), or at any rate, without anyone approaching him in recitation, understanding, and feeling, the execution of the work is almost an impossibility. The festival was consecrated musically by the presence of the artist who had undertaken the incaleculably difficult task of reducing the score, by unwearied collating, to the form in which it is at present published by the German Bach-Verein—we mean Herr Rietz of Leipzig, to whose complaisance and readiness to give advice, moreover, the directors and committee have owed themselves deeply indebted. May the work be soon again be performed in the same place and by the same executants!

THE THIRD "MITTELHEINISCHES" MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Is our 29th number, bearing the date of July 15, 1857, we gave an account of the foundation of a musical association by the Middle-Rhenish towns of Darmstadt, Mannheim, Mayence, and Wiesbaden, and described the second musical festival given by the association, in Mannheim.

The place selected this year was Wiesbaden, and the days chosen for the musical solemnity, properly so speaking, were the 26th and 27th September. The town itself, its environs, the splendour of the *Cur-Anstalt*, the ducal court—all these are so many powerful attractions for strangers, that a musical festival in the midst of such a number of sources of amusement is almost too much of a good thing, especially if we recollect that Wiesbaden, like all the watering places on the Rhine, overflows in summer with *virtuosi*, who—celebrated or not celebrated—try to make a harvest, and, if they do not precisely ruin the taste of the public, divert it from that quiet attention and earnest love of what is highest in art, with which the classic works of the great masters ought to be heard.

What might have been predicted with tolerable certainty, really happened. From Saturday the 25th, to Wednesday the 29th September, the town was visited by numerous strangers, especially from the surrounding districts. Thousands were brought, in endless lines of carriages by the Mayence railway and others, and triple extra trains were not sufficient to take the multitude back again at night. The town presented a festive appearance such as we scarcely ever saw at a musical festival. The building (of wood) erected for the performances was of majestic proportions, and richly, nay, almost too richly, decked out with flags, garlands, and flowers; while a gay and motley crowd of persons, of all classes, swayed to and fro in the streets and gardens, the grand procession by which the singers and musicians of the associated towns were welcomed on their arrival on Saturday, and conducted with songs, music, and waving banners, all the ladies being seated in elegant carriages, to the temporary hall, was magnificent. The interior of the *Curhaus*, as well as the colonnades and springs outside, was very beautifully illuminated. But, on the very first day of the festival, which was, moreover, a Sunday, the hall was not quite full, though their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess, attended by their suite, honoured the concert with their presence, and though Haydn's *Creation* is certainly one of the most popular oratorios. At the second concert, on the 27th September, scarcely half the numbered places were occupied, and even the places at the back of the hall exhibited many vacancies. The hall, however, on Monday evening, was crowded to suffocation, and all the rooms of the *Curhaus* filled with persons pushing about and being pushed. On the third day, too, when there was no concert, but only festivities on the Neroberg, and fireworks in the evening, it is said that there were from twenty to twenty-five thousand persons present. The town was evidently fuller on this day than on any other. The following is a list of the vocalists:—

Associated Towns.	Sopranos.	Altos.	Tenors.	Basses.	Total of the Verein.	Grand Total.
1. DARMSTADT:						
a. Musik-Verein ...	25	15	13	14	67	
b. Mozart-Verein ...	—	—	17	27	44	
c. Harmonischer Sängerkranz ...	—	—	13	10	23	134
2. MAYENCE:						
a. Damengesang-Verein ...	36	28	—	—	64	
b. Liedertafel ...	—	—	33	58	91	155
3. MANNHEIM:						
Musik-Verein ...	34	13	11	16	74	74
4. WIESBADEN:						
Cacilien und Männergesang-Verein ...	55	34	46	68	203	203
	150	90	133	193	566	566

According to this, the chorus contained about 100 members less than that at Mannheim, last year, but there was no deficiency of fresh, good voices. The sopranos and altos were powerful and clear, only the higher passages were not quite correctly intonated once or twice by the former. Knowing that several *Liedertafeln* would be present, we expected to find the male choruses stronger; the tenors were well represented, but we could have desired more sonority from the 179 basses—which, at any rate, was the number given in the index of the book of the Oratorio.

The orchestra consisted of fifty-three violins (at whose head were Herr Baldenecker, *Concert-meister*, of Wiesbaden, and Herr Becker, of Mannheim), sixteen viols, eighteen violoncellos, sixteen double-basses, a double set of wind instrumentalists, seven horns, four trumpets, five trombones, one bass-tuba, and kettle-drums. The regular orchestras of the Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, and Mannheim Theatres, and the members of the town band of Mayence, formed a very excellent body, in which most of the wind-instrumentalists distinguished themselves by their tone, and the excellent execution of their solos. On the other hand, we cannot conceal the fact that there were some instances of neglect arising from inattention or indifference, and that, despite all the technical excellence, we frequently missed dash and spirit in the execution—qualities which cannot be supplied by rapidity and technical skill. As instances of carelessness, we will mention only the prematureness of the clarinets in the second part of the *finale* of Schubert's Symphony, the absence of the flute solo for full five bars in the E flat major trio (in the final chorus of the second part) of the *Creation*, which, as the whole of the passages for two voices, *Poco adagio*, up to the entrance of Raphael, are accompanied only by wind-instruments, was perfectly incomprehensible, unless the flute had gone out for a walk. We cannot, generally, blame the orchestra for neglecting to pay attention to the conductor during the performance of the symphony, for, on account of the indescribably fast *tempo* at which it was taken, the only thing possible was to distinguish coarsely the *fortissimo* from the *piano*. Anything like delicacy of expression was quite out of the question.

It could not escape the notice of anyone present, that Haydn's *Creation* produced no very deep impression on the first day of the Festival. But an explanation of this indisputable fact was sought where it should not be sought. For instance, it was said: "The chorus are taken too little into consideration." "The character of the oratorio is not suited for masses," and so on. Really, after the miserable performances of the *Creation*, by large masses, performances which, ever since its first production, have taken place all over Europe, and always been successful, such an assertion is strange. "And there was light!" not calculated for masses! And the eleven grand choruses, also, not calculated for masses! Instead of such excuses for a failure, let us at once, with the disciples of the school of the Music of the Future, declare the *Creation* rubbish of the old periwig style, and then we shall, at least, know what we are about.

The fact is that many of the choruses wanted spirit and dash, and that the fine collective force under the command of the conductor could not be heard to advantage on account of his strange mistakes in the *tempo*. Herr Vincenz Lachner exaggerated the time of most of the choruses and solos, in a manner which agreed neither with tradition, although this has been handed down to us pretty accurately, in the case of Haydn's two oratorios; with the words and music; nor with the directions of the composer. Not only did he take "rather quickly"—for he did this without exception—but he completely disfigured, by his hurried *tempo*, in the first part, the chorus in A major, *allegro moderato*, the aria with chorus in C major, the concluding chorus, "The Heavens declare," which at length degenerated into a more and more exaggerated *presto*; in the second part, the soprano air, inscribed *moderato*, the chorus with trio, "Derr Herr ist gross," with the *bravura* passages for the solo parts, the bass aria in D major (*Maestoso*), and, as the *ne plus ultra* of all, the E flat major duet, "Holde Gattin," in the third part.

What might have been done by the forces at his disposal was

shown by the few choruses, especially the final chorus of the whole work; which were sung in better time than those already mentioned.

We must not, however, forget the fact that, for the perfect success of the *Creation*, the execution of the solo parts is of more importance than in many other oratorios. But, apart from the incorrect tempo, of which we have previously spoken, in some of them, and which was partly attributable to the solo singers themselves—Madlle. Lehmann sometimes hurried on perceptibly in her airs—of the three solo singers, Madlle. Caroline Lehmann and Herr Lipp, from the Wiesbaden Theatre, and Herr Karl Schneider, from the Frankfort Theatre, and now at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, only the latter was satisfactory as an oratorio singer. His air in C major, "Mit Wüird' und Hoheit angethan," given in the right time, with a fine voice and expressive manner, which announced a true artist, was the only solo piece which merited and met with applause. The audience, at least the Wiesbaden portion of it, received Madlle. Lehmann in a very friendly manner, but she was not equal to the expectations we must form of the singer of the soprano part in the *Creation*, even if we had not heard Jenny Lind, who, it is true, will not soon be equalled by anyone in this music. Her voice is full and agreeable in the middle notes, but at the two-lined F, it begins to be sharp, and, indeed, displeasing, while, for oratorios, she is deficient in musical education, artistic expression, taste, and warmth. *Bravura* passages and shakes will not stand artistic criticism. Perhaps our judgment may seem somewhat severe, and we will confess that it partly arises from the disappointment we experienced, caused by exaggerated praise. It is possible that, in the theatre, where the public has become accustomed to overlook so much, Madlle. Lehmann may produce a favourable impression. Herr Lipp, *basso*, possesses a flexible voice, but it is deficient in nobleness of character. We believe, however, that careful study may gradually cover this defect, especially if it produces more light and shade, more expression and warmth in his style.

From what we have said, the reader will perceive that, if the *Creation* did not, on this occasion, produce the enthusiasm it usually excites among the public, this was, in no way, the fault of the magnificent work itself, but of the manner in which it was executed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

(From the *Christian Examiner*.)

THE scriptural idea of public worship is that the people are the worshippers. The choir in Solomon's temple, though larger than the largest modern congregation, did not monopolise, but only led, the service. All Israel assembled must lift up the chant responsive as the noise of many waters.

Throughout the Bible, commands to sing praise are addressed, not to the select few, but to the many. "Let all the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee." "Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord."

Yet though this is plainly the true scriptural idea of public worship, and though many laudable efforts have been made to realise it, the results thus far have been far from encouraging. Except in Germany, congregational singing hardly exists, save in name. Public worship is merely nominal. Nay, too often in our churches it may with truth be said, the worship stops when the musical performance begins.

To bring on a true performance by the people of the people's work, to make it general, hearty, good and enduring, is a vast labour, demanding incredible toil, and beset with almost insuperable difficulties. If music were taught in our public schools as thoroughly as reading and writing, the case would be different. The same multitude that hesitate not to read the hymns in their hymn-books, could read at sight the tunes in their tune-books; and then choirs might use their liberty of selection *ad libitum*, without excluding the populace.

Again, if our churches were built for singing purposes, the difficulty would not be so great. It would seem to be a first principle of common sense that a public building should be constructed with reference to its special uses. Every edifice is the embodiment of some idea. When the sacrificial idea becomes thus embodied, it gives us a cathedral, with the altar specially developed and prominent, and the pulpit dwarfish and thrust aside. Enter such imposing fane and everything reminds you

that sacrifice, not doctrine, is the grand idea; that sensuous impression, not appeals to reason and conscience, is the architectural law.

Hence the extreme Puritan reaction from Romanism incarnated itself in a church without an altar, without sensuous appeals, and with a pulpit, as the prominent feature, because doctrine, instruction, appeals to purely spiritual powers of the soul, was the enthusiastic purpose. Not only, however, was sensual appeal eschewed, and justly, by the Puritan reaction, but unfortunately the idea of worship was, if not eschewed, yet undervalued.

The Puritan loved psalmody indeed, but abhorred organs and choirs.

But such congregational singing, deprived of the instrumental aid, and unsustained by the choir of trained voices speedily degenerates into the worst description of solo performance,—a solo voice here, and a solo voice there, uncultivated, discordant, and wholly abominable. From this to choirs the reaction was inevitable. If we must have solos, duets, quartets, let them be at least cultivated ones; and if we must have an organ, let it not be the nose.

But as choirs arose, so did the question what to do with them. Architecture had provided them neither local habitation nor name. If there be a gallery, let them go up thither.

Having thus the choir in the worst possible place to be found for it, and the organ so disposed as to make the least possible disturbance, let the people sing if they can. The people will not attempt it; first, because they cannot, and second, because the cultivated choir do not wish to have them. So the people are dumb, and public worship becomes a Sunday opera.

But of all causes fatal to popular participation in sacred song, the most radical has been the principle of singing the same hymn to different tunes. The principle is universal in this country and in England, and so unquestioned, that it possesses all the sanction of an intuitive truth. A common-metre hymn is sung to-day in Mear, to-morrow in Dundee, the day after in St. Martin's, or in any other tune of that metre.

If the truth were known, the true philosophical secret of German congregational singing is that in Germany a hymn is married to its tune, and is never divorced; so that the tune, instead of being named Akabbim, Bangor, or China, is named from the first line of the hymn that is wedded to it.

We have only to consider a moment the natural result of the opposite principle. The effect is, that tune-books, being a separate article of merchandise from hymn-books, begin to multiply. American genius is fecund. The greater the variety the better the selection. Every year brings forth new collections by the score. Every choir will cull from the pages of from two to half a dozen, until a given hymn will hardly chance to be sung twice to the same tune in a lifetime. Now under such a system the people do not learn the melodies by heart,—melodies often unmelodious, ever-changing, evanescent. They form no heart attachment then to the tune; no affectionate association between a favourite hymn and a favourite air. All is perpetually new, cold, and purely scientific. And as association and sympathetic emotion are the strongest of all popular forces, it follows inevitably that the people soon know nothing and care nothing for the whole business, except to listen, to be amused, or to criticise.

On the other hand, the same cause nourishes exclusiveness in the choir. Having unlimited range and well-exercised vocal organs, they are tempted to choose new and difficult pieces, to gratify their own taste, display their power, and prevent popular intrusion.

Thus it happens that the whole service is corrupted and perverted in its inmost spirit and feeling. Worship expires. The love of applause becomes paramount. Everything in the existing system tends to foster approbation. In the concert-room or opera we know how human nature is affected. Why must not similar causes produce similar effects in a church? The audience in either case listen to a finished performance. Can they escape the instinctive tendency to criticise? The singers know what the audience are thinking about. Can they in turn resist the temptation to propitiate criticism and elicit approval? Both parties, in the church as well as at the opera or concert-room, are thrown into the same relative mental attitudes, and the temptation is exquisitely adapted to develop the result. The organist exhibits his skill of finger and toe; the choir display their execution; the audience are entranced with delight, and God, whom all should adore, is nearly forgotten—forgotten it is to be feared, more entirely here where directly addressed, than in any other part of the services. Viewed in this light, it cannot be accounted a paradox to say that what we call sacred music is too generally the most profane thing in existence. If there is any department of practical duty in which the churches "are carnal, and walk as men," it is here. Nor can congregational singing possibly thrive while all these causes operate in combined activity.

To obviate such causes, as before intimated, must be a work of time.

Yet not the less for that should we attempt the enterprise. Let children be taught to read music as early, and with as much necessity, as to read their mother tongue. Let every family be a singing-school, and at the home altar let children learn the hymns of Zion. In public schools of every grade give music a place as a daily exercise. Require of all pupils as thorough mastery of the gamut as of the multiplication table. Music is practically as valuable to men as either grammar or arithmetic. It promotes health, cheerfulness, good order, and piety; it refines and purifies the disposition. Let it be with ours as with Prussian schools, an indispensable qualification to the office of teacher, that one both sing and play well on some instrument.

Furthermore, in all churches to be built henceforward, let it be a problem to be solved, how to adapt them for uses of praise as well as of instruction. On this point we have much to learn. A few suggestions may be offered towards the true result. But that true result, that grand ideal of a house of worship is, we fear, known only to the infinite architect and master builder.

One thing may be laid down as settled beyond controversy; and that is, that the best place for the organ is on the ground floor. The principles of acoustics makes this as certain as any general rule can be made. And as where the organ is, there the choir must be, it follows that the choir seats must not be in the gallery, but on the audience floor.

The question resolves itself to this, then, whereabouts on the ground floor to place organ and choir so as not to mar the symmetry of the interior, and yet to give to both preacher and people the best use of the voice in their respective parts of the public service.

Having thus marshalled the forces, and organised the host, it remains to provide them with suitable arms. Place in the hands of every man, woman, and child a book containing both the hymns and the tune which the people are to sing. The choir, of course, will possess its own library, for there are compositions which cannot be executed by the people, and may be sung for them by the choir, as at the opening and closing of service, during the rite of baptism, or on any special occasion.

But the main staple of worship is that in which the people participate, and that is to be found in the people's book. Here let the people's taste be consulted, rather than the taste of choir or leader. Give the people such tunes as they like, and do not think, because congregational singing flourishes in Germany, where they sing slow-moulded chorals, therefore we must sing slow-moulded chorals to make it flourish here. The reason why congregational singing flourished in Germany was, that the words were indissolubly linked to those chorals. Therefore, so long as the hymns lasted, the chorals must last. Moreover, there were reasons peculiar to European civilisation why Protestant chorals should have a tinge of sadness not appropriate to our circumstances. Zion has been for the most part in captivity in the great European Babylon, and her harps hung on willows.

Of course we shall sing those grand old chorals, in part, because we sometimes feel life to be but Babylon, and we ourselves captives by the streams. But if any imagine we are to be shut up to those severe strains, we who live in freer climes and more millennial anticipations, they are very much mistaken. When they can reduce our free limbs to the suits of mail hanging up in their old castles and museums, and our free thoughts to the catechisms of Westminster and Geneva, equally antiquated and rust-eaten, they may expect to imprison our exuberant worship in those prison dirges of dynastic middle age, but not before.

Give us, indeed, a few tunes with the mould of kirk and cathedral on them, we will not object. But give us also the inspiring melodies of the revival and the camp-ground. Call them methodistical, penny-royal, nay, even Choctaw, we shall not care. They come from the people, the people love them, and the people shall have them.

Moreover, establish the unchanging law (a revolution in itself), that the hymn given is always to be sung to the tune accompanying. The people will know what to expect. Then it will be of some use for them to try to learn. Then they can form associations of ideas. Children will love tunes for their fathers' sakes, and there will be something permanent in our worship from generation to generation.

Then let the congregation sustain one weekly meeting for practice. Of course the choir will have the best drilling we can give it. But the people must meet. And if there is no other way, give up half a day on the Sabbath to the business, and let pastor and people take hold with a will, the choir at the helm, to learn the high praise of God.

Finally, we need repentance for sin the matter. If the church only could become suddenly conscious of her adultery in this thing,—how we have sung to man, and not God, how, in the act of addressing his

majesty, we have thought of our own flattery,—she would be in sack-cloth and ashes in a moment. For surely the indignity we offer Heaven is most gross, the insult most keen and cutting. God is real. He is the living God. True praise from us gives His heart true joy. Insult under the form of praise wounds his heart most deeply. And not only does it grieve him; it robs him of one of his choicest instrumentalities for blessing us. He could bless this service to a degree now unknown through our guilty profanation—a degree almost miraculous. In Christian souls he could take deep hold on emotions, reveal and express such heavenly raptures as are now unconceived. Music, too, might be His sharp sword to convince of sin and lead to himself. When man feels himself lost, and trembles at his own ruin, music is the angel voice that leads him to Jesus, and souls may be born to God by the songs, as well as by the prayers and tears of the Church. There is a contagion in those holy raptures, when multitudes full of emotion sing with all the soul, by which the rudest natures are affected. When the waves of song rise and swell around them, when they float in that sea of sound, all instinct and tremulous with emotion, does not then some secret power unlock the fountain too long sealed, of their own better nature, and do they not experience strange, unwonted promptings? And when they feel the bondage of sin, and yearn for deliverance, why should not the singing of some hymn of consecration be to them like the opening of a door in heaven?

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MONSIEUR JULLIEN'S TWENTIETH AND LAST ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS WILL COMMENCE ON MONDAY, the First of November, and continue for One Month, being given as Mons. Jullien's FAREWELL, or "CONCERTS D'ADIEU," previous to his departure on his Universal Musical Tour through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, the Colonies, and civilised towns of Asia and Africa, accompanied by the élite of his orchestra and other artists, savants, and hommes de lettres, forming the nucleus of a society already constituted under the title of "Société de l'Harmonie Universelle," with the object not only of diffusing the divine and civilising art of music, but of promoting, through harmony's powerful eloquence, a noble and philanthropic cause.

In taking leave of this great country of order, liberty, justice, and progress, Mons. Jullien fears that it will be impossible for him to express in an advertisement the deep feeling of gratitude and attachment which overpowers his heart, when he calls to mind the kind hospitality extended towards him by the people of Great Britain, and the long and uninterrupted patronage bestowed upon his endeavours to advance musical art in the United Kingdom.

Mons. Jullien regrets that through some combination, against which he has been unable to combat, he has not succeeded in obtaining one of the larger theatres in which he has hitherto given his Annual Series of Concerts—viz.: Drury-lane, Covent-garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre—establishments which may be considered, and are, in fact, better adapted for the accommodation of his patrons; but this very deficiency of space Mons. Jullien has sought to turn to advantage by selecting for the present season virtuosos of European reputation and vocalists of the highest talents and renown, and by allowing only the élite of his orchestra to perform—thus making up for quantity by quality, and endeavouring thereby to realise the dream of Beethoven, who said, "Men rêve du beau pour l'extension de mes symphonies c'est un orchestre de 60." From the great master himself we here learn that his symphonies were only composed for sixty performers, and, in fact, many circumstances have shown that by doubling the parts, whether of string or wind instruments, the orchestra has lost that perfect balance in the relative power of combined sounds which it is essential should be strictly proportioned for the perfect rendering of many melodies, harmonies, and passages, called, in counterpoint, imitations and fugati. Under these circumstances, Mons. Jullien can assure the public that he has spared no effort to render the Concerts at the Royal Lyceum Theatre as attractive as the first series which he gave in the same establishment in the year 1841-42.

The immense progress which musical art has made in England within the last 20 years has encouraged Mons. Jullien to compose the first part of his performances chiefly of classical works. As in the case of those festivals which he first introduced in England under the title of "Nights," dedicated to one or other of the great masters, a great portion of the first part will be devoted to the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, &c. This idea Mons. Jullien had entertained for the last five years, having become personally convinced that England was rapidly earning the title of a great musical country. Now, at last, he feels gratified to announce that this season the first part of his programme will present a selection of a far higher order of music than hitherto, and will include important works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, ancient and modern, which have not previously been performed at these concerts. Among these may be mentioned the masterpiece of Beethoven, the Ninth Symphony, commonly known as the

CHORAL SYMPHONY,

composed to Schiller's grand poem, "The Ode to Joy," celebrating the union of all nations in one joyful concord.

Mendelssohn's celebrated LOBESANG, or Hymn of Praise; and Gregory the First's CANTO FERMO and FUGA FUGARUM, concluding with the HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

The second part of the programme will be MISCELLANEOUS, and will bring forward in review those original compositions and arrangements of Mons. Jullien which have received the largest share of public approbation during his musical career in England; also, his latest orchestral productions, which have never been performed by his orchestra in London, but are now quite the vogue in France and Germany. Among the latter may be cited "Fern Leaves" Valse, "The Campbells are comin'" Quadrille; "Les Feuilles d'Automne" Valse, "The Frikell" Galop, a New "Chinese Quadrille," and "La Grande Marche des Nations, et Progrès des Civilisations," composed on the authentic National Hymns of every country, and descriptive of the convocation and assembly of the Universal Congress, elected by every reigning monarch, every established government, and every nation of the world, united in one peaceful confederation by the powers of harmony.

Mons. Jullien is most happy to state that among the artists who will appear during his farewell season, he is enabled to announce the name of the celebrated violinist WIENIAWSKI, who, in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini.

Engagements are also concluded with several prime donne, who will make their appearance in succession for short periods each.

The favourite English soprano, Miss VINNING, will commence the season on MONDAY, the 1st of November, and will be followed by Mesdames RUDERS, DORFF, STABACH, ENDERSOHN, CEDRONI, &c., and Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ, who will arrive expressly from Vienna, to take her farewell of the public in London, previous to accompanying Mons. Jullien on his Universal Musical Tour.

Principal Cornets—Messrs. Duhème and Leloup.

Sous-Chef d'Orchestre—Mr. Leray.

Director of the Chorus and Maestro al Piano—Mr. Land.

Conductor—M. JULLIEN.

Superb Decorations à la Renaissance, designed and executed by M. Wilbrant, the celebrated decorative artist of Brussels, will adorn the theatre. The crystal chandeliers and prismatic lanterns will be supplied by the celebrated firm of Messrs. Defries and Sons. The gas arrangements will be under the sole direction of Messrs. Jones and Gouthwaite, and the general fittings-up and arrangements for the accommodation of the public have been entrusted to the care and experience of Mr. Barra Jackson.

Further details and notices of present and future arrangements will be contained in the programmes and advertisements.

Admission, One Shilling. Private boxes, stalls, and reserved seats to be secured at Jullien and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street; from Mr. Hammond; and at the Box-office of the Theatre from Mr. Chatterton, price £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Letters and communications to be addressed to Mons. Jullien, 214, Regent-street.



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Book of Musical Art by the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington, M.A. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"In the pages before us, we think Mr. Skeffington has very successfully and ably succeeded in performing the task he set down for himself, and unites, in the manner in which he treats his subject, the knowledge of a sound and accomplished musician with the elegance and reading of the scholar. A searching spirit is brought to bear in a critical consideration of the offices, uses, and effect of the divine art. Our readers will, we are sure, be much pleased with this masterly little work."—*Bristol Times*.

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